The Sketch

No. 2647—Vol. CCIV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1946 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

AURORA ADJUSTS HER CORONET.

Here's a green-room portrait of PRIMA BALLERINA MARGOT FONTEYN *adjusting her coronet before appearing as Princess Aurora, leading rôle of "The Sleeping Beauty." She danced the part on the opening night of The Sadler's Wells Ballet season at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, before their Majesties the King and Queen, Queen Mary, and the Princesses, and an audience which included Cabinet Ministers, Diplomats, and other celebrities. Miss Fonteyn alternates with Miss Pamela May in the exacting part of Princess Aurora.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Safety First. Eureka! I have discovered the secret of social security. At least, the Governor of the Vermont State Prison has discovered it for me. When some of the boys showed a certain querulous disposition—they *will* grouse at times about trifles—the Governor just told them, man to man, to count their blessings. You lucky people, said he, to be out of the "big, wicked world"! You get your lovely grub reg'lar, and all the meat packers in the United States can go on strike, but you will be fed and kept. In fact, no strikes whatever, and no little troubles at U.N.O. or elsewhere can affect you. You make your own butter, with a bit over; you are not bothered by the housing shortage, and you have nobody at home to nag you. In short, boys, you are *secure.* O upright Governor and sage philosopher! All this, perhaps, involves certain amendments in the Beveridge Plan. Assumption A is that you take a crack at the nearest plate-glass window; Assumption B is that you come before a stern beak. Thereafter you are socially secure.

"Reuben, Jimmy—be either of 'ee good at dumb-crambo?" [DRAWN BY SILENUS.]

Blue Lagoons and Blue Moons. I see no other way of renouncing the "big, wicked world" (not to mention the flesh and the devil) except one which is suggested by a Czech publicist. He has found a sub-tropical island suitable for "disillusioned Europeans," and he invites fifty of them to join him there and become monarchs of all they survey. This earthly paradise was, it seems, once inhabited by head-hunters, but they have left owing to shortage of heads, and it is suggested that other useful industries might be developed on the island. Encouraged by tempters like Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, there is hardly one of us who has not owned an island of this kind at some time or other. It is well for us, perhaps, that we have never entered into possession. The disillusioned Europeans, I fear, will shed a few more illusions. For one thing, they will, quite certainly, find an official on the beach with a sheaf of forms to fill up. Then there will be typhoons, sharks, snakes, scorpions, land-crabs, missionaries and all kinds of dangerous creatures, not to mention a rich variety of tropical maladies, from elephantiasis to delirium tremens. It is a sad fact that head-hunting and cannibalism are about the only things which make life tolerable on these romantic isles—and those pastimes, unfortunately, are under a cloud in this soft age.

Again the Alchemist. For chronic disillusionment, which is a troublesome disease, I think we shall have to turn not to the tropics but to the doctors. In his "Brave New World" Mr. Huxley offered a specific against all Twentieth Century Blues in his magic drug, Soma. I don't know that Carbon 13 makes quite as large claims as Soma, but it seems to have distinct possibilities. I am not quite clear about its isotopical properties, but it seems to be an ingeniously tell-tale kind of compound. "We can watch, for example, a mouthful of apple juice go down the throat into the stomach, into the blood stream, into the tissues, and see when it changes into, say, alcohol or vinegar—or if it does." In this way, we are given to understand, it will be possible to trace and treat all kinds of ills that flesh is heir to. Well, I hope so; but I greatly fear that all this is going to lead to further complications of diet. If the behaviour of a mouthful of apple juice is unsatisfactory, one trembles at the mouthfuls of other things which the patient may have to swallow to get the chemistry right. However, it is a poor patient who objects to being a martyr to science.

The Big Parade.

Perhaps we ought not to bother, after all, about disillusionment, but rather concentrate

"When will I be old enough to put my hair down, Mummy?" [DRAWN BY SILENUS.]

on silver linings and pennies from heaven. Anyhow, in June we are going to have a grand Victory Celebration. I suppose that is very proper. We *have* won a splendid victory, which would be to our eternal credit if we never did anything else for the rest of our national life, and we have been plucked back by miracles from the edge of the abyss. Also, there is never any harm in a little well-produced ceremonial; it heartens people up, puts colour into life and makes us all throw our chests out instead of throwing our hands in. For myself, nothing makes me feel more like a good cry than bands and banners and marching men. And yet . . . and yet! I wish I felt more stomach for this particular Big Parade. I wish I could rejoice at what has been, without thinking of what is and what will be. I wish I could cheer without fear. All of which means, I expect, that I simply need a shot of Carbon 13.

First or Second Service?

It is very naughty to be sceptical about these things, because all round me I see the most exhilarating signs of returning peace and plenty—whatever Sir Ben and Sir Stafford may say. The other day a most remarkable thing happened to me in a train. I was sitting quietly in my corner, defending my seat against the invading hordes of late-comers, when a chocolate-clad figure appeared in the doorway and invited us all to first or second service of dinner. For a moment I thought that time had stood still. But no—the figure in the chocolate Eton jacket was real, and, what was more, the dinner seems to have been real too. I did not essay it myself, but a man in the compartment did, and came back looking as well as could be expected. I said to him: "I 'll bet I know what you had—fish pie." "Right!" he said. "But there were distinct traces of fish in it." He said nothing about the bones, and I did not feel that it would be tactful to mar an auspicious occasion with a carping or codding spirit.

"Now, what you film experts have got to find out is, just HOW did America win the battle of Crecy." [DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.]

Golden Voices. I find lots of bright spots about the trains besides the restored restaurants and the amusing variety of rolling-stock which has been recovered from the South Kensington and other museums. I have long been fascinated by the station announcers. Some of the sopranos have such powerful radio personalities that I have formed a strong, not to say sentimental, attachment to them, in the abstract. Others, usually contraltos, reach a degree of gentility of utterance which leaves the entire B.B.C. staff at the post. There are elocutionists among them too, who can make a word like "Basingstoke" vibrate with mystic suggestion and infuse positive passion into Llanfairfechan. Then there are the ruder homespun accents, rustic and urban, racy of the soil or of the outer suburbs and the inner provinces. There are consonants and (oh, my sainted aunt!) there are vowels! There are announcers rich in prunes and prisms, there are those "without aspirates or aspirations." All these various types I admire and respect; but if I ever meet one of these Chrysostoms of whose announcements I can understand a single syllable, then to him I will send a nice red apple, or to her my love and kisses and my month's sweet-ration.

The Scrannel Pipe.

Another thing I notice about the railways is the marked development in the system of whistling. There was a time when, as the minute-hand reached its appointed place, a stern-visaged, frock-coated Bonz blew one masterful, irrevocable blast and almost instantly the train shot forward into the *Ewigkeit*. Now no train seems to start without at least six whistles. Men run all over the station trilling and tooralooring at each other in a high, confusing falsetto. Mind you, I do not blame them; it is exactly what I used to do when I was a combined guard, station-master and engine-driver,

[*Continued overleaf.*

The one-hundred-and-thirty-sixth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of* "*The Sketch*" *is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

at the age of seven or so—indeed, it is not too much to say that had it not been for the whistle, I should never have chosen a career as a railwayman. But somehow I find this indiscriminate shrilling and twittering slightly un-British. Foolish foreigners, of course, always run about stations toot-tooting on absurd little tin horns, but we expect the British whistle to be authoritative, decisive and not-to-be-trifled-with. Perhaps it will become so as soon as all whistles and whistlers have been nationalised.

Beer and Forbeer.

I have not yet heard any suggestion that beer ought to be nationalised. Perhaps it is considered to be already sufficiently national. Anyhow, beer, which ought to make the mild milder and the bitter less bitter, is causing a certain amount of trouble and strife. It is not so much that there is not enough to go round as that it does not go round to everybody who wants it.

I goes into a public-house
To get a pint o' beer;
The publican 'e up and says,
"We serve no redcoats 'ere."

Most galling for a thirsty redcoat or for any other kind of coat. But the publican has his rights, and nobody is entitled to say to him dictatorially: "If you have beers, prepare to shed them now." I sympathise with disappointed pint-seekers, but I also sympathise with the pint-dispenser. The licensee is selling a commodity, and it is not the principle of a free country that a merchant should be compelled to sell his merchandise. But, besides that, a licensed victualler needs to be a man of tact. There are occasions when he may think it expedient not to serve certain customers. He has his own reasons; and generally, I fancy, they are sound reasons.

"It's rather an unusual relationship. By all accounts she's his red-hot momma, and he's her boogie-woogie daddy."
DRAWN BY STARKE.

Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?

If we can only make the home more attractive, perhaps there will not be such a demand for pints which cannot be supplied. But if the domestic parlour is to compete with the bar parlour, we undoubtedly need many more willing hands for hearth and home, and where are those willing hands, and even if they are willing, are they capable? Capable, you say, of anything? You may be right, but we must try to turn the anything into something. "Come down, O maid," sang the poet, "from yonder mountain height"; but the maid will not descend—she is too high up in the world, "*elle a des idées au-dessus de sa gare.*" A million maids, it is said, have left service within fifteen years. It makes one inclined to write a lament beginning, "A million maids have gone astray," but, in the cynical atmosphere created by war, the sentiment might be misinterpreted. I prefer—

Where are the maids of yesterday?
The shops have lured them all away.

"My dear, there is simply NOBODY in town." [DRAWN BY BEAR.]

Her Ladyship.

Since a sentimental age is opposed to the reintroduction of chattel slavery, the only alternative is to train "domestic workers" (no longer "servants," of course—we reserve that opprobrious term for the "distinguished" civil kind of Whitehall) into a new dignity of their honourable calling. And that is what Mr. Isaacs is going to do, having studied and approved another of those monumental State papers, called the Hancock-Markham Report. Well, we should all rejoice, and I hope the result will be that we can get, for a reasonable remuneration, a potable cup of tea, a tolerably boiled potato and an uncorrugated bed. But I am a little alarmed at the suggestion of "home helps." In my infancy there was a class of formidable females known as "lady helps." The only trouble with them was that they were neither ladies nor helps; or else they were so acutely and painfully ladies that nobody could possibly live up to them. I do hope that they are not going to be let loose on us again.

Wonderful World.

Our Special Correspondent in the Wonderful World has been very busy this week. Item: a policeman has been konked by his own truncheon. It fell from him when he was chasing a chap, and the chap picked it up and dotted him one. Can you blame him? Item: a French quisling, awaiting execution, had no money for a last blow-out, so he had three teeth extracted and sold the gold caps. You can't take it with you. Item: two bright little fellows have seen the sea-serpent in Portsmouth harbour. It had a body like a beer-barrel, stork-like wings and a beak like a bird. These boys should go far. Item: Miss Ellen Wilkinson has appeared at the despatch-box in a black hat with green feathers. Charming, but surely the colour is wrong?

Fair and Warmer.

The *Queen Mary*, laden with 2334 G.I. brides, docked in New York "with three United States Army tugs acting as ice-breakers." Let us hope that a warmer welcome awaited them at home.

"Careful, Sir! We're now in a built-up area." [DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.]

GO ON SAVING PAPER: IT IS STILL ESSENTIAL.

FAIRY-TALE CHARACTERS OF "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Red Riding Hood and the Wolf: RICHARD ELLIS *and* JUNE LEIGHTON.

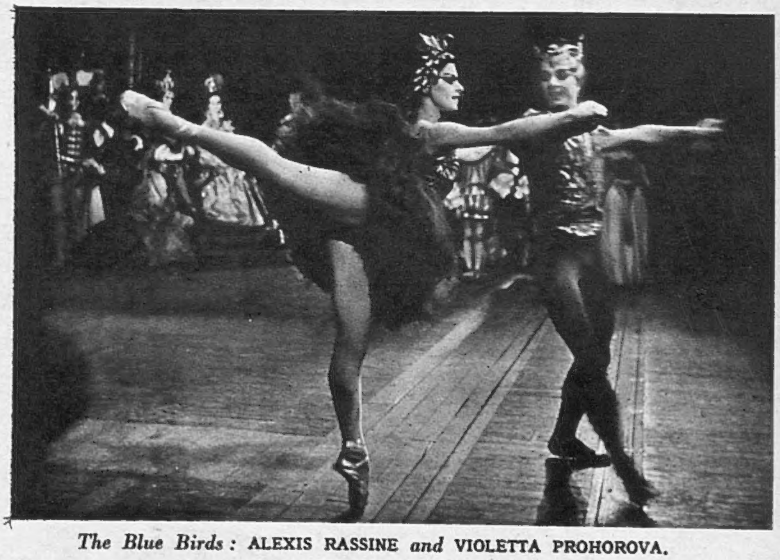
The Fairy of the Song-Birds: PAULINE CLAYDEN.

The White Cat in full state: MARGARET DALE.

Puss-in-Boots and the White Cat: STANLEY HOLDEN *and* MARGARET DALE.

THE Fairy-Tale characters who attend the wedding of Princess Aurora and Prince Florimund are a celebrated feature of "The Sleeping Beauty" ballet to Tchaikovsky music after the choreography by Marius Petipa which is being given so brilliantly at Covent Garden by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, under the direction of Ninette de Valois. These photographs show some of them. Puss-in-Boots and the White Cat, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, and the Blue Birds give famous *divertissements* in the last scene—the wedding of Princess Aurora and Prince Florimund. The Blue Birds *pas-de-deux* is one of the most difficult in the ballet, and Pamela May and Prohorova, Rassine and Harold Turner alternate in giving it. The Fairy of the Song-Birds, danced by Pauline Clayden, is one of the good fairies who come to the christening of Princess Aurora and endow her with every grace and beauty. "The Sleeping Beauty" will continue till March 16. Another programme will be presented on March 18, and there is every likelihood that the season will be extended after March 23, the closing date originally planned.

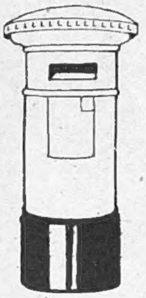
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD MANDINIAN.



The Blue Birds: ALEXIS RASSINE *and* VIOLETTA PROHOROVA.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I have been in Hospital. My shoulder has been very peculiar ever since August. The Great Bone Chief said it all came of heaving heavy baskets about in the garden and that I 'd better stop. "That 's O.K. by me," I said, and handed the garden over to the Bindweed with a bow.

The Great Bone Chief gave me a splint to wear. It was like the one I had two years ago when I heaved heavy baskets with the other shoulder, only the other way round. It isn't really much good giving a splint to a Housewife unless you take her out of her house. I wore the splint for a week and broke five plates and a standard lamp. Then I put it in the spare room. After six months of Charles saying, "You really ought to wear your splint," I took it back to the Bone Hospital, where I felt it might contribute to the discomfort of some other sufferer. I also took a book of Augustus John's drawings for the Great Bone Chief, who is interested in Art. Considering all his kindness, care and skill on behalf of my meagre shoulders, I should, of course, have taken him a grand piano or a motor-car.

"Perry was unmoved by this display of emotion."

If Doctors would only allow them to pay fees in the ordinary way, I 'm sure Doctors' Wives would cease to be the twittering and uncertain race that they now are. It wasn't so bad in the old days, when a dozen golf balls or a Stilton cheese could be bought without difficulty, but now it is practically impossible to give a Doctor anything he really wants, and if you see a Doctor's Wife staring moodily into the window of an antique shop you may be sure she is wondering whether a decanter would be a pleasure or an embarrassment to the man who has taken out her tonsils.

The matter of my shoulder was now, as far as I was concerned, closed, but it evidently opened up a new train of thought in the mind of the Great Bone Chief, whose Secretary telephoned to say that I must hold myself in readiness to enter the Bone Hospital on the sixth of January.

I held myself in readiness like anything on the sixth of January, with a pair of warm woollen pyjamas (for I had heard that the wards in the Bone Hospital were open to the elements) and a clean brush and comb neatly packed in a suit-case. On the tenth of February the Hospital telephoned to say they were expecting me on the following Sunday evening.

On Sunday I left a letter to Charles in my desk thanking him for all his kindness to me during our married life, and after tea I kissed Perry, who was unmoved by this display of emotion, and clambered into the car. Charles tucked the rug round me in a honeymoonish sort of way and we set off.

We drove along in a dismal silence for some way, and then I said, "I hope I have a good anæsthetic."

"Sure to," said Charles.

"Once I felt I was choking."

"Well, you won't this time," said Charles in a heartening, doctorish manner.

"You won't forget to water the cyclamen, will you, Charles ?"

"No, Henrietta."

At the Hospital we walked up and down a great many long, noiseless corridors, Charles carrying my suit-case. Somewhere they were singing what is known in our family as Henrietta's Funeral Hymn. I looked at Charles, who avoided my eye. When we arrived at the door of Ward Four, twenty pairs of eyes turned and regarded me gravely, and I felt like I did my first day at boarding school. Charles, in an agony of embarrassment, kissed me hurriedly and left. A little Nurse came and asked me my age, and then I signed a paper saying I didn't mind having an anæsthetic, which wasn't strictly true. I wondered whether I would write at the bottom, "Please, very slowly," but thought better of it.

"Now, Mrs. Browne," said the little Nurse, "will you please have a bath and get into bed."

"Yes, Nurse," I said meekly. She was rather like the Linnet and I longed to ask her if her poor feet were tired.

Once in bed and in my woollen pyjamas, which were quite unnecessary, for the ward was beautifully warm, I sat up and looked around me, and immediately began to be ashamed because I had so very little the matter with me and nearly everybody else seemed to be lying rigid, encased in plaster, and with looking-glasses over their heads. But if you think there was an atmosphere of gloom in Ward Four, Robert, you are mistaken. It was one of the most cheerful places I have ever been in.

From the bed on my right a pair of brown eyes smiled at me. "How do you do ?" said their owner.

"How do you do ?" I said. "Have you been here a long time ?"

"Fifteen weeks," said Brown Eyes—"Like that ?"

"Yes"—"But you can't move ?"

"No. I 'm in what 's called a plaster bed."

"I think you 're very brave."

"Oh, no," said Brown Eyes; "there are lots of people worse than me."

I didn't sleep very well that night, but as I twisted and turned and fidgeted, I thought of the others who couldn't fidget, however wakeful they were. Brown Eyes lay very still. I heard her sigh once and wondered whether she was asleep. Once I heard a faint cry at the other end of the ward and the Night Nurse hurried past on noiseless feet.

Brown Eyes and I were denied our breakfast next morning, for she was due for the operating theatre, too. The Nurses wheeled the trolley with the steaming tea on it up and down the ward, while we uttered little cries of protest. "Now," said Nurse, "I 'm going to get you ready," and I was taken out of my pyjamas and put into a peculiar white garment which fastened down the back.

"'Nurse, these stockings don't match.'"

"The neck-line is good," said Brown Eyes.

"Nurse, these stockings don't match."

"Now, now," said Nurse, "you mustn't be fussy." I felt I had known them all for years. Presently I was wheeled away feeling pleased with myself, for I had had a jab in the arm. Everybody waved me good-bye.

"I don't mind anæsthetics in the *least*," I said chattily to a gentleman in a becoming green cap and mask, "but once I had one which made me feel I was choking."

"This won't make you feel you 're choking," said Green Cap. "Just clench your fist, will you ? Thank you, now you can unclench it."

When I woke up the lights were on in the ward and the stars were shining through the uncurtained windows. "Have they done me, Nurse ?" I said in astonishment.

"You 've asked me that five times already," said Nurse.

Next day I went home in a splint. I knocked down the standard lamp again and broke it, and then I put my splint in the spare room. But I just want to say this, Robert. I 've been in and out of more Private Wards and Nursing Homes than I care to remember, but never, never have I been so well cared for or so kindly treated, from the Matron down to the youngest Probationer. Beat that if you can, Mr. Aneurin Bevan.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"I knocked down the standard lamp again."

THREE FARMING PARTNERS GROW MORE FOOD.

PRINCESS CANTACUZÈNE *creosotes her hen-coops in preparation for the coming poultry season.*

IN a spirit of adventure a year or so ago an old farm in Kent was taken over by Lady Charnwood, Miss Carola Cochrane, and Princess Georges Cantacuzène. With great enthusiasm and considerable skill each partner undertakes responsibility for her own section of the work on this mixed farm. Lady Charnwood is responsible for the livestock and agriculture generally; Miss Cochrane, who has studied at an agricultural college, market-gardens scientifically and looks after the orchard of over 700 dessert apple-trees; and Princess Georges Cantacuzène manages the poultry and pigs section. All three

[*Continued below.*

The new chicks are discussed by PRINCESS CANTACUZÈNE *with her partners* LADY CHARNWOOD *and (above)* MISS CAROLA COCHRANE.

PRINCESS CANTACUZÈNE *feeds some of her two hundred fowls, with the old tithe barn in the background.*

Some chickens! Some eggs! The Princess makes her morning collection round the houses.

In the farm kitchen the three partners prepare a meal after a heavy day's work. The cooking is first-rate.

Book-work for a change. The farm accounts are carefully checked by all three in conference.

Continued.]
work hard at their jobs and are making a real success of their farm. Lady Charnwood, was Miss Beryl Quilter; and Miss Cochrane is the only daughter of the late Brigadier-General W. F. Dundonald Cochrane. Princess Georges Cantacuzène comes of an old and distinguished Rumanian family.

TOPICAL PERSONALITIES:

PROFESSOR CHARLES SELTMAN, M.A., *Director of the Exhibition of Greek Art at the R.A., and Asst. Director* MRS. JACQUELINE CHITTENDEN, M.A., *with some of the exhibits. Mrs. Chittenden lectured on the exhibition at Birkbeck College last week, and Professor Seltman arranged to speak there on "El Greco" to-day, March 6.*

MRS. E. M. BRADDOCK *(Soc., Exchange, Liverpool) asked if Mr. Quintin Hogg (Con., Oxford) was in order when, in the House of Commons, he told her "that she was his pin-up girl."*

"RED ROSES FOR ME," *new Sean O'Casey play, is a notable production at the Embassy. Ayamonn Breydon* (KIERON O'HANRAHAN), *poet and idealist, with Sheila* (MAUREEN POOK) *and (centre) Brennan* (EDDIE BYRNE). *The play is produced by Ria Mooney, of the Dublin Gaiety Theatre, with an Irish cast.*

MISS PATRICIA KATHARINE HARRISON, *elder daughter of Major-General D. Harrison, is engaged to Flight Lieut. John Hubert Dingwall, R.A.F.V.R., youngest son of the Rev. W. M. Dingwall.*

LIEUT.-COM. LEON VERDI GOLDSWORTHY *is the most decorated man in the Royal Australian Navy. He holds the George Medal, and last week received the George Cross and D.S.C. for stripping mines.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *wore a lovely ostrich-feather-trimmed hat at the tea-party given by Mrs. A. V. Alexander to discuss Sailors' Day on April 9 in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.*

SERGEANT CONNIE GRAYSON, W.A.C., *from Oklahoma, coxed an all-American crew in the Lent Bump Races. No U.S. male student from the "Bull College," formed of Servicemen, was small enough, so Connie was allowed to fill the place.*

PEOPLE OF THE WEEK.

IAN HUNTER, MARGARET LOCKWOOD, BARRY K. BARNES and ANNE CRAWFORD, *stars of the new John Corfield production, "Bedelia," were photographed with* MR. *and* MRS. ROY HOOD *at the reception given in the Falstaff, Fleet Street.*

MISS ROSEMARY JUDITH VIVIEN CROTCH, *only daughter of Mr. P. C. Crotch, is engaged to Group Captain W. G. Wells, eldest son of Mr. William Wells, Antofagasta, Chile.*

FLIGHT OFFICER PEARL CORNIOLEY, W.A.A.F., *who parachuted into France in 1942 to help organise the Maquis, is visiting New York, where she rouses admiration and interest.*

LEADING WREN URSULA MONEY, *first Wren to go to the Far East with Lord Louis Mountbatten to work on* S.E.A.C. H.Q. *Signalling Staff, married* LIEUT. E. DEREK SPICKERNELL, R.N., *at Holy Trinity, Brompton.*

MISS PRESILEY JUNE INCHBALD, *only daughter of Major Inchbald, arranged to marry the Hon. S. L. T. Lumley-Savile, Grenadier Guards, on March 1 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.*

The infant son of CAPTAIN THE HON. MICHAEL ASTOR, M.P., *and the* HON. MRS. ASTOR *was christened* JAMES COLONSAY LANGHORNE *at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Canon A. C. Don was the officiating clergyman.*

LEONARD GREAVES, *young painter holding a one-man show at the Redfern Gallery; with* MRS. GREAVES *in their Chelsea studio. Before the war he was a lecturer at the National Gallery. She designs textiles.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

HISTORY, it seems, is just as repetitious in the world of the theatre as it is outside it. It was in 1921 that Diaghilev first brought the shining crown of the Russian ballet to London, for a run at the Alhambra. And now, as we shake ourselves out of another bout of martial shabbiness, here is "The Sleeping Princess" again, now called "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," happily naturalised now, but still as sumptuous and consoling as ever. The brilliant audience at Covent Garden last week certainly showed itself grateful. The Alhambra production was a great man's last look backward. The Covent Garden inauguration had the air of looking just the other way. It marks a luxuriant maturity in our national ballet, the disappearance of the last traces of its austere upbringing. In its dear old home, however warmed by friendly associations, a very cold draught did occasionally blow across from the waterworks. There is no austerity at Covent Garden; the gilt and the plush seem designed to abet the shameless delicacies of ballet. There is an abundance of delight in the floral band-box just now. I doubt if any English company has ever commanded such resources. The wealth and glitter of the pictures Mr. Oliver Messel has framed for us are more than worthy of the occasion. For every turn of the action there is a new embellishment, charming monkeys appear, a bevy of black and sequinned page-boys, a quivering canopy of birds of prey. And this, even if the scenery had not quite the firmness and saturation which would have given a real substance to the ballet, is as it should be. But with such a load of decoration to carry, the classic dancing, which is the justification of the piece, must be sharply cut indeed, pure, impeccable and intense, to sustain the weight. Fortunately, this is within the range of the Sadler's Wells dancers, Miss Fonteyn herself is already entirely successful, and when the strain of the imposing occasion begins to lessen they will doubtless all achieve it. Then the six miraculous variations which are the glory of the first part of the ballet, each a perfect distinct design, will tell as they should. For tired eyes the spectacle at Covent Garden has something incredible about it, the purest linear style set in the most opulently sugared magnificence. Such a combination is worth coming a very long way to witness.

The action of "Stage Door" (Saville Theatre) takes place in the Footlights Club, an apartment house kept by a former small-part actress in New York City. All types inhabit this lodging, successes or those wanting parts, trying out marriage, committing suicide. Pat (DORA BRYAN) *tries out glamour over David Kingsley* (BERNARD LEE), *from whom she wants a part on the screen.*

At Hammersmith, at the Lyric, another gracious if more modest house, there is a sample of the very opposite among the pleasures the theatre can afford, the slice of life. Mr. Saroyan has an enormous assurance—he called a little film of his "The Human Comedy," if you remember it—and in America an immense success has rewarded him. The play at Hammersmith, "THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE," is certainly a facile and amusing invention. His scene is a saloon. His characters drift together, their inconsequent autobiographical vapours mingle in a cloud, and through it he leads us, by way of much whimsical philosophising, to the hearts of gold which lie beneath. If the heart on inspection begins to look rather shop-soiled, if "The Time of Your Life" by the end seems not to be quite so life-like after all, it is none the less palatable for that. Mr. Saroyan throws up some dazzling random fireworks. Mr. Donald Reed, as a self-dedicated but unappreciated comedian, has a monologue about a cup of coffee which is well worth paying attention to. And sometimes they make one regret the ingredients which Mr. Saroyan's recipe for success leaves, perhaps necessarily, in the cupboard.

Mr. Saroyan deals lavishly with his actors. But he sets them a puzzle as well, of balancing vapours with substance. Mr. Frederick Valk, of course, was entirely equal to it. And so was Mr. George Pembroke. The play has a lot of its own mottoes in it. "One needs a lot of rehearsals to be oneself," says the cynical loafer. Fortunately, he turns out to be a good fellow on the night. "There's nothing I could do that wouldn't make me feel embarrassed," complains the boy who follows him about. But he is driving a truck before the end of the evening, with a girl beside him who, if not good, is naturally innocent deep down. Mr. Saroyan's characters get all the rehearsals they need. But when their selves emerge they are a great deal less convincing than their idiosyncrasies. In real life the disconcerting unpredictableness goes right to the bottom. No doubt Mr. Saroyan's sharp eye would discover this if there was a market for it. And if it didn't make him feel embarrassed.

There is life, of a quieter kind, at the Criterion, too, where Mr. Chetham Strode has made a play, and a good one, with no more vice and violence than passes through a housemaster's study. Mr. Strode is dealing with a thesis, the broadening of public schools, but he deals with it humanely and amusingly. Whether we are convinced, or only mildly exercised or converted already, the story of the bad old order which, giving place to new, does it so gracefully that it departs in the warm glow of everyone's sympathy, is always delightful to watch. At the Criterion the old order appears in the welcome person of Mr. Cecil Trouncer. He fills the part admirably, the schoolmaster who turns out boys to a pattern and makes it his proudest boast. Against him the author's thesis is directed. It would have been more compelling if the character of his schoolmaster had been a little less turned out to a pattern itself. But "THE GUINEA-PIG" is a well-made and satisfying evening's entertainment.

PATRICIA BURKE *plays Terry Randall, stage-struck beginner;* PAULINE LETTS *as Kaye Hamilton introduces the tragic note into the play. She commits suicide.*

ROBERTA HUBY *(left), playing the successful film-star Jean Maitland, chats with Terry Randall in her room.*

At the Winter Garden, where Mr. Donald Wolfit is now to stay on into April with his SHAKESPEARE SEASON, the material is richer, indeed unmanageably so. The Advance Players, though often in sight of the rewards, cannot always claim them. Mr. Wolfit himself is, of course, always remarkable. His limitation is that whether it is Moor or Lear that he is playing, we rarely forget that the man we are watching is in fact an actor of the grand old stamp. But those who have a feeling for that unlifelike formality which lies at the heart of tragedy, as it does of the ballet, will perhaps agree that that is quite a good way to play it.

L. G.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY SEASON OF REPERTORY (New). "HAPPY AND GLORIOUS" (Palladium). "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "SWEETER AND LOWER" (Ambassadors). "ME AND MY GIRL" (Victoria Palace). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON (Covent Garden). "RED ROSES FOR ME" (Embassy).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "THE YEARS BETWEEN" (Wyndham's). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "FOR CRYING OUT LOUD" (Stoll). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (Lyric). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "SEE HOW THEY RUN" (Comedy). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). WOLFIT SHAKESPEARE SEASON (Winter Garden). "STAGE DOOR" (Saville). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE" (Piccadilly).

PANTOMIME: "CINDERELLA" (Adelphi).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

MR. RANK'S organisation, as you may have heard, is working on a plan to make British audiences French-film-minded, by showing a selection of choice French subjects in regular programmes up and down this country. The new arrangement, it is hoped, "will result in the country-wide popularity of French stars and screen technique." The idea is admirable, although a few cynics, having had experience of the customers at say, the Gargantuan, Mudchapel, may think it fits somewhat into the category of wishful thinking. But the tentative choice of "L'ÉTERNEL RETOUR" as the opening shot in the campaign seems to me singularly unfortunate. In the first place, "L'Éternel Retour" belongs to the tradition of the German, rather than the French cinema. It is plainly related to the great German films of the "Siegfried" and "Destiny" period, and has little, in style or acting, to recall the acid wit and dry philosophy of the typical French picture. In the second place, it was written by the irrepressible Jean Cocteau, the Orson Welles of France, who has startled the art world with one -ism after another. It is hardly likely, I think, that this highly stylised, allusive, poetical and symbolic work, steeped in recondite legend and spoken in a foreign language, will appeal very warmly to customers who whistled and hooted at "Citizen Kane."

"L'Éternel Retour" (Curzon), or "LOVE ETERNAL," as the title is monstrously translated for this country, is a twentieth-century version of the Tristan and Isolde story. The modern Tristan is a beautiful blond youth named Patrice (Jean Marais), who goes to a neighbouring island to fetch a beautiful blonde maid named Natalie (Madeleine Sologne) as a bride for his Uncle Mark. After the wedding, the young couple accidentally drink a love potion, labelled "Poison," in their cocktails, and fall deeply and haplessly in love. They spend a brief idyll in a mountain hut, but Mark discovers them, sends Patrice packing, and brings Natalie home in a decline. Patrice goes to work in a garage, where another girl called Natalie, this time a brunette, falls in love with him, but to no avail. Patrice steals out to Mark's castle by night to see his true love, gets shot in the leg, drags himself back to the garage and starts to die. Before the first Natalie, clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful, arrives in a motor-boat to succour him, he actually does die. Upon which the blonde Natalie lies down beside him on an upturned boat and dies too. Can you imagine, reader, the comments of the patrons of the Gargantuan, Mudchapel, as they stagger out bewildered from this singular piece? Will they not say that it is barmy, and that if French films are like that they are barmy too, and, what 's more, they always knew they would be barmy?

Those who can do with a little barminess in their art, and are not too painfully affected by the film's philosophy (a clear essay in the Wagnerian hero cult), will find a great deal to interest and fascinate them in "L'Éternel Retour." There is no doubt about it, this is a very lovely film. The photography is glorious; the sense of passion formidable; the flow of narrative very fine. All the poetry, all the dream-magic, all the mystic fusion of time past and present in Jean Cocteau's script, has been caught to a miracle by a director whose name is new to me, Jean Delannoy. This M. Delannoy has a style that is at once strong and very simple; formalised yet free. His images are full of force; his compositions have rhythm and design. I look forward to seeing more of his work, in films that will represent more happily the French individuality and spirit.

"L'Éternel Retour" is not French, but it is rather fine. The Hollywood film "THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID" (Pavilion), although directed by Jean Renoir, based on the Mirbeau novel, and set in provincial France with July 14 climax, is neither French nor fine. It seems extraordinary that M. Renoir, who got so much feeling out of a specialised American study like "The Southerner" last year, should have botched a work dealing with his own countrymen; but perhaps the air of France, like certain wines of Italy, cannot be exported without losing nature.

"The Diary of a Chambermaid" is a period piece about a hard little minx from Paris (Paulette Goddard), who goes into service with a provincial family, and is hotly pursued by four men, all of them unsavoury. One (Burgess Meredith) is old and bats. Another (Reginald Owen) is old and lecherous. The third (Francis Lederer) is middle-aged and a murderer. The fourth (Hurd Hatfield), although young, is sickly and diseased. Some care has clearly been taken over the period settings, but the film as a whole is full of false starts, loose ends, undeveloped motives and random symbols of vice. Dialogue is banal, direction confused, and performance ranges all the way from the routine to the ridiculous.

The story of M.-G.-M.'s "Adventure" (Empire) opens with the landing in San Francisco of Harry Patterson (CLARK GABLE; *third from left*), *bo'sun of the torpedoed freighter "Minnie Tolbert," and crew: (l. to r.) Model T.* (JOHN QUALEN); *Limo* (RICHARD HAYDN); *Mudgin* (THOMAS MITCHELL; *to right of Gable*); *and Gus* (TOM TULLY). *They are all ready for any mad doings.*

Passing a library, the shipwrecked men call in to ask for help. Patterson makes a date with Helen (JOAN BLONDELL; *right*), *but her room-mate Emily* (GREER GARSON), *between whom and Patterson instant antagonism flares, goes along as chaperon. Visiting Emily's farm, sparks fly between Patterson and Emily to such purpose that they surprisingly get married in Reno.*

Wedding and farewell. Patterson says he is bound for the sea again; feeling deserted Emily sues him for divorce. She finds she is going to have a baby; and when Patterson returns from sea again it is his new-born child which reunites the pair.

Fritz Lang, another talented Continental director who has had his ups and downs in Hollywood, is at the top of his form in "SCARLET STREET" (Leicester Square). This is the film that he failed to make in "The Woman in the Window," which was, if you remember, a fascinating study in macabre drama reduced by its dream ending to something like rubbish. "Scarlet Street" has the same leading players as the earlier film—Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and that excellent young actor Dan Duryea. It has the same atmosphere of the New York half-world in the half-light, and very much the same problem.

A middle-aged and trusted cashier falls blindly in love with a girl whom he meets one night in a wet and empty street. He is unhappy at home; his repressed soul longs for beauty, youth and romance; and she fools him to the top of his bent. He gives her money, which she uses to keep a flashy young heel in laziness and luxury. By and by he steals to give her money, and in the end he murders. The story is ugly, sordid and unedifying, but the treatment is brilliant.

The most loving care and ingenuity has gone to the choice of the right shot in the right place. Black, oily pavements gleaming after rain; sinister lights beckoning from half-open doors; a sleazy room with a cracked gramophone record rasping on and on; a stained cigarette stub tossed into a sink full of dirty dishes; the over-loud voices, heard from a corridor, of men who have dined cordially and well; with detail such as this Fritz Lang has built up and maintained his evil but compulsive mood. The acting is stylish, the dialogue better than most, and anyone who likes a good bit of craftsmanship should pay "Scarlet Street" a visit.

"THE SPANISH MAIN" (Gaumont), in uproarious Technicolor, is a striking example of what clothes can do for a girl. The heroine (Maureen O'Hara) is a Mexican heiress, who is kidnapped by a Dutch pirate (Paul Henreid) when on her way to marry a Spanish Governor (Walter Slezak). In this unfortunate predicament, she is happily in a position to keep cool and ladylike through frequent changes of dress. Her Brussels-lace nightgown and her low-cut evening gowns so work on the rough company, among whom formal dress is optional, that she is able to come through her ordeal without a hair out of place. Not so, we gather, the pirate's former doxy (Binnie Barnes), whose costume is functional and austere. Rip me, the girl has only a couple of sports suits to her name, and *she* gets run through with a rapier, which should teach her a lesson.

"THE GRANTA" COMES BACK TO CAMBRIDGE.

Photographed at King's College, the editorial staff of the new "Granta" prepare for their first re-issue of the famous Cambridge University magazine. Left to right are : PETER HARRIS *(King's),* KENNETH McCULLOCH *(Pembroke),* PETER WEEKS, *Sports Editor (Jesus),* BILL KINCH, *Assistant Editor (Pembroke),* MICHAEL JAFFÉ, *Editor (King's), in conference.*

Fashions and Social Editor MARION ELLINGER *(Newnham College) considers lay-out with* BILL KINCH.

Left to right : MICHAEL JAFFÉ, PETER HARRIS, KENNETH McCULLOCH, PETER WEEKS *and* OLIVER KNOX *(King's) criticise drawings and lay-out.*

At the printing works, with THE PRINTER *sitting centre : the editorial staff in conclave*

Right : KENNETH McCULLOCH, *who reports the activities of the various University Societies, in a deep discussion with* PETER HARRIS.

FOR the first time since 1939 Cambridge University's celebrated magazine "The Granta"—cradle of many literary reputations to name only one, that of Rupert Brooke, the poet (King's)—will be re-issued on March 8. Though it will be mainly a review of life in Cambridge to-day, it will have an appeal beyond the University and the town to the wide public of Cambridge graduates. These pictures, taken at King's College, show the new and energetic editorial staff hard at work on their first post-war issue.

LEADING YOUNG BRITISH COMPOSER.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN, *young British composer, is an important figure in the world of music. His opera " Peter Grimes," produced last May at Sadler's Wells, is a feature of the present season of opera there. It is due for its first American production under Dr. Serge Koussevitsky at the Berkshire Music Festival, and performances are planned later in New York, and in Swedish in Stockholm, in Flemish in Antwerp, and in German at Basle and at Zurich. Mr. Britten's Festival Te Deum is due for its first London performance on March 14 at the third of the five notable concerts at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, on Thursdays at 6. In the same programme another Britten work, the cantata " Rejoice in the Lamb," will also be given by the choir of St. Matthew's Church, Northampton, to which it is dedicated. At last week's Boyd Neel Orchestral Concert in the Town Hall, Chelsea, Britten's settings for Rimbaud's " Les Illuminations " for voice and strings were given with Mr. Peter Pears, who has always been associated with Mr. Britten's concerts, and who created the title-rôle of " Peter Grimes," as the vocalist. Mr. Britten, who was born at Lowestoft in November 1913, was educated at Gresham's School, Holt, and at the Royal College of Music, and privately with Frank Bridge and Harold Samuel.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. GOODMAN.]

THE DANCER WHO HANGS HIMSELF:

"Bird out of a cage"; ERIC VICTOR *as the winged creature rejoicing in its freedom.*

Inspired if grotesque; one of Eric Victor's remarkable athletic dance. each of which tells a story.

"Folly" is the title of one of Victor's sensational dances; his wrists are bound by cords and he struggles for release.

After an arduous struggle the bonds are broken and the dancer expresses ecstasy of liberation—but the rope has not been cast away.

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

ERIC VICTOR is not only a fine dancer, but has devised a series of original witty and sometimes macabre *divertissements*, each one of which tell a story. He can be gay, witty and sensational, and sometimes drives his point home with dashing showmanship. His "Folly" number, showing a virile young man liberating himself from bonds, but neglecting to cast them from him, and finally entangling himself in so hopeless a manner that he cannot escape hanging, is illustrated by our speedray camera photographs. Eric Victor took his earliest dancing lessons in Esthonia when travelling with hi

ERIC VICTOR'S MACABRE *TOUR DE FORCE.*

Boogie-woogie with a difference; the way in which Eric Victor gives a well-known dance.

The splits in mid-air; Eric Victor is apparently untrammelled by the laws of gravity.

Though the dancer has freed himself, he has not thrown away the rope and, to his horror, it winds itself round his neck.

The macabre end of "Folly": by a dancing tour de force *Eric Victor gives the effect of death by hanging.*

musician parents. He made his first professional appearance in Berlin at the age of fourteen. He studied sculpture and painting, took first steps towards a career in medicine, then thought of electrical engineering, but all the time he was earning his living by dancing, and finally decided to make it his life-work. He has acted as choreographer, and staged dances for productions in pre-war Paris, and was the only interpretative dancer to give entertainment tours for Servicemen and to bring down the "houses" of G.I.s, who were delighted by his great verve, originality and technical skill. [SPEEDRAY CAMERA PHOTOGRAPHS BY SONNEE GOTTLIEB.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MRS. TOMMY MANVILLE, for facing the camera with a background of her seven predecessors.

The marriage of millionaire TOMMY MANVILLE, *fifty-one-year-old American Asbestos king, to* MISS GEORGINA CAMPBELL, *twenty-seven-year-old British-born columnist, took place recently in the U.S.A. The bride is Mr. Manville's eighth wife, and is here smilingly posed before a wall decorated with portraits of her seven predecessors. They were Florence Huber, who divorced after eleven years of matrimony; Lois Arlene McCoin, who lasted for five years. After them came Avonne Taylor, Marcelle Edwards, Bonita Edwards, Wilhelmina Boze, and Macie Marie Ainsworth Eitinger Moran, whose days of wedded life with Mr. Manville were all ended by more or less rapid divorces. The seventh marriage, it is stated, only lasted for seven hours and forty-five minutes. The eighth Mrs. Manville posed for this photograph in her husband's home in New Rochelle, New York.*

OPERETTA OF GRIEG'S LIFE: "SONG OF NORWAY."

The Peer Gynt Ballet in "Song of Norway" at the Palace Theatre, danced to Grieg's famous music.

"Let me hear Rik's words again—from you": Nina Hagerup (HALINA VICTORIA) *and Edvard Grieg* (JOHN HARGREAVES).

The Trollger Cake Lottery: a famous Midsummer Eve custom in Bergen presented as an effective stage scene.

Father Nordraak (CHARLES DORAN) *brings the news of the death of his son, Grieg's great friend, to Grieg and Nina.*

Danced to the Peer Gynt Suite: The traditional Wedding Pillow Dance of the Norwegian peasant girls.

"SONG OF NORWAY," the light opera based on the life of the Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg (1843-1907), is due for production at the Palace Theatre, to-morrow, March 7. It has proved one of New York's big theatrical successes, and is now in its second year on Broadway. Grieg's famous music has been arranged and adapted by Robert Wright and George Forrest, and such compositions as "Ich Liebe Dich," the Peer Gynt Suite, and the A Minor Concerto are heard in the operetta. The action is set in the mountains and fjords of Norway, and in Rome, in 1870, and the leading rôles of Edvard Grieg and Louisa Giovanni are sung by John Hargreaves and Janet Hamilton-Smith, artists distinguished by their performances with the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, and on the concert platform.

BY THE INSANE.

" The Cock and the Fox,"
a Conversation piece.

" The Cemetery," a moving and tragic picture.

Landscape, with trees and a river.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapy is one of the most important lines of treatment for nervous diseases and mental disorders, and preoccupation with the arts is encouraged by scientists dealing with abnormal patients. Much interest, therefore, has been roused by the remarkable exhibition held recently in Paris, of works by patients in the St. Anne Mental Hospital. The patrons include M. Graulle, Director of the St. Anne Psychiatric Centre, and Dr. Bessières, the Physician-in-Chief, and the show was organised by M. Schwarcz-Abrys, who regards it as most important from the scientific documentary angle. In his notes in the catalogue, M. Waldemar George refers to the narrow line which divides madness from genius.

" The Kill," a lively wood-carving of a hunting scene.

Sinister landscape, showing Japanese influence.

Chair, elaborately carved in wood, and small portrait head.

Conventional portrait of a young girl, meticulously painted.

Still Life; by Pierre Fulcrand.

BY THE SANE.

THE name of PABLO PICASSO became a household word in England as the result of the great controversy on the exhibition of recent pictures by him, and by Matisse, which was held at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Argument over the merit and importance of the works on view swelled and raged for weeks, and a record attendance of visitors went to the Museum in order to see for themselves what all the pother was about. The pictures on this page are from the exhibition at the Visconti Gallery, Paris, in aid of the Spanish resistance. All pictures have been given by the painters.

Portrait of a Young Girl; by Marcel Burtin.

"Fils de la Vierge"; by Adam.

Still Life; by Pablo Picasso.

Still Life; by Pablo Picasso.

Composition; by Fleger.

JEALOUSY IN TECHNICOLOR: "LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN."

"Leave Her to Heaven" (Odeon, Leicester Square): Intensely possessive, madly jealous of her husband, Richard Harland (CORNEL WILDE), *Ellen* (GENE TIERNEY) *accuses him of loving her cousin Ruth. Hysterically she confesses to killing his crippled brother Danny, and planning the death of her unborn baby. She loses his love.*

Richard's brother Danny is getting better; Ellen helps by taking a boat out, letting him swim beside her; drawing him in when tired. But the thought recurs: Danny will be living in our house; and she lets him drown; dives too late to save him.

Right: Realising that she will never have Richard's love again Ellen steals furtively to cousin Ruth's room; takes from it a bottle of poisonous insecticide, and writes a letter to District Attorney Russell Quinton, incriminating Ruth. Then she arranges a picnic where, taking the poison in some sugar, she dies.

Ellen is even jealous of her unborn child; he will come between Richard and herself, drawing attention from herself—making a third in the ménage. So, tottering in high heels, she stages a fall down the stairs, and the baby is born dead.

On circumstantial evidence the District Attorney (VINCENT PRICE) *indicts Ruth* (JEANNE CRAIN) *for the murder of Ellen. She is acquitted, and in her defence Harland says of his wife: "Ellen was capable of anything."*

"Grimmett said you wanted me": the hide-bound housemaster Mr. Hartley (CECIL TROUNCER), the Guinea-Pig, Read (DEREK BLOMFIELD), and the house-tutor Mr. Lorraine (ROBERT FLEMYNG).

"I caught Read bolting with his suit-case, Sir, trying to catch the 2.45 for London": Grimmett (DENHOLM ELLIOTT), Read and Nigel Lorraine.

"I've sat next to Read, Daddy, at lunch several times. I like him . . .": Lynne (RACHEL GURNEY), Nigel Lorraine and Lloyd Hartley, with Mrs. Hartley (EDITH SHARPE; left).

"When did you arrive?" "About 'alf-past twelve. We 'ad a bit o' lunch at the local." Read with his parents Mr. Read (DUNCAN LEWIS) and Mrs. Read (JOAN HICKSON).

WITTY COMEDY FROM THE FLEMING REPORT: "THE GUINEA-PIG."

"On behalf of the undersigned—I would like to present this to you, Sir, in token of—anyway, Sir, it's two pipes . . .": Read and Nigel Lorraine.

"THE GUINEA-PIG," by Warren Chetham Strode, at the Criterion is a sympathetic and witty comedy on the subject of the future of the public schools, based on the Fleming Report. Read, son of a small tobacconist and former sergeant-major, goes to historic Saintbury School. His career there is, naturally, fraught with difficulty, and the hide-bound housemaster Lloyd Hartley fails dismally over the task of turning an uncouth youngster from a primary school into a Saintburian. The young house-tutor Nigel Lorraine, however, is of a modern cast of mind, and Read is finally transformed from a scared stranger into a confident old inhabitant.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE PURSUIT OF LOVE" is one of the rare novels that mean more than they say, and also something rather different from what they say. Miss Nancy Mitford tells us about the household of an eccentric English peer who cracked stock-whips before breakfast, to whom "abroad" was "bloody," and anyone he didn't like, a "sewer." Daunted but not quelled by the flash of his blue eye, the young Radletts grew up in darkest Gloucestershire in ignorance of the world but much interested in love. What love would be like they freely discussed in the companionable stuffiness of the Hons' cupboard.

"The Hons," their cousin and confidante tells us, "was the Radlett secret society; anybody who was not a friend to the Hons was a Counter-Hon, and their battle-cry was 'Death to the horrible Counter-Hons.' . . . There were also, however, many honorary Hons: it was not necessary to have been born a Hon in order to be one."

The groom, Josh, beloved by all the children, was head of the hon. Hons.

The Quest of the Absolute.

This idealism and this partisanship were found raised to their highest power in Linda Radlett, the story's heroine and her cousin's most intimate friend; she owed to them her many years of unhappiness and her few months of bliss. Where she loved she could see no fault; her feelings must be absolute. When she could no longer idealise the handsome, dreary, money-bound Anthony Kroesig she ceased to love him. Relieved, he divorced her and she married a Communist, partly because he stood for everything that Tony lacked. Passionately she threw herself into the Communist cause, and joined Christian in the south of France, where he was working among the Spanish refugees; but to him she was not a person; she was just a worker like any other—less, indeed, than one other; so, tactfully, she left him and found herself destitute in Paris. Money to live on did not enter into the calculations of a Hon.

Money With a Difference.

But money as an expression of ducal generosity, money to beautify and transform life, absolute money, as it were, did; and if we find Fabrice a little disappointing as a rescuer of this Andromeda who had chained herself to her vision of an ideal Hon, we must keep this in mind, and also remember that her lover represented what she most adored, the spirit of France, struggling against what she most hated, the domination of the Nazis. When he threw her mink coat into the waste-paper basket and enveloped her in sables, it was not the cost of the gesture that appealed to her, but the indifference to the cost.

The pursuit of love was, therefore, in Linda's case, a quest for the Absolute, and her story has the wistfulness that underlies that age-old search. Superficially, it is far from wistful; it is by turns tough, brilliant, audacious and diverting. Miss Mitford can command the inspired silliness of Ronald Firbank and the fantastic, cruel humour of Mr. Evelyn Waugh; while in ruthless, kindly, valetudinarian Captain Warbeck she has drawn a first-rate straight comic character. Her rule is never to be overtly serious about serious things, and this gives her point of view an air of genial callousness which is deceptive; for though Linda was utterly disillusioned by what was near and not dear to her, like the Kroesig family, she was equally beglamoured by what was strange and far off.

Those interested in the craft of fiction will find much to delight them here: the gift for summary and condensation which enables Miss Mitford, in a few lines, to give the effect of many months' grassing, and to suggest a context for dialogue, without describing it; and the ability—never better illustrated than in the final paragraph—to indicate a standard of values without stating it.

Norman Blood.

"Nunwell Symphony" is an account of the Oglander family, who have been settled in the Isle of Wight since the Conquest, when Richard d'Orglandes was rewarded for his services by a grant of land at Nunwell. For twenty-seven generations the estate passed from father to son, the direct male line ending with the death of the seventh baronet in 1874. So long a line of unbroken descent must be almost unique, and General Aspinall-Oglander's wife, the present owner of Nunwell, though she inherits through the female line, is but little removed from the parent stem.

General Aspinall-Oglander, who has compiled this history partly from ancient records preserved in an old leather deed-box, warns his readers to expect nothing of State importance. "The Oglanders of Nunwell were devoid of worldly ambition and were apparently content, with one or two exceptions, to lead the simple life of a country squire." But we may be glad, perhaps, that they were the stuff of history and not its trimmings; for in these always interesting and sometimes very touching pages we get a more vivid impression of the past than we do from reading the lives of kings and statesmen. The Oglanders as a race were domestic, affectionate, shrewd, intelligent and intensely loyal—not only to each other, but to the Island and to the King. The Isle of Wight was especially vulnerable to any invasion that threatened England; and from the time of the Armada onwards the Oglander of the day never shirked the duty of organising a Home Guard. In 1665 Sir William Oglander had to defend the island from a more insidious invader, the Great Plague. But it is as human beings, not as officers of the Crown, that the family live for us. Portraits, miniatures, recumbent figures in the Nunwell chapel, show us what they looked like; and their own words, on which their historian is able so copiously to draw, tell us what they were like. In the past—the rather remote past—people did not write much unless they had something to say: and the extracts, so skilfully chosen by General Aspinall-Oglander, are extremely revealing. They touch on all the essential ingredients of life, and each reference has the authenic accent of its age—of many ages, indeed, but all (if the Oglanders are a criterion) more formal, more affectionate, and more religious in expression than ours. "We have kept this spot of ground this 500 years from father to son, and I pray God thou beest not the last, nor see that scattered which so many have taken care to gain for thee." Thus Sir John Oglander to his son, in 1645; and the inheritance which meant so much to all of them is theirs still.

The only Empire chaplain to be awarded the Victoria Cross in the late war is the **HON. MAJOR JOHN WEIR FOOTE**, *Canadian Chaplain Service, acting Regimental Chaplain to the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry. He gained the decoration for gallantry during the Canadian action at Dieppe in August 1942. Landed on the beach under heavy fire, he worked at the regimental First Aid Post during eight hours, rescuing the wounded and attending them, with complete disregard for his personal safety. Major Foote, born at Madoc, Ontario, was pastor at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Port Hope, Ontario. Mrs. Foote was Miss Edith Sheridan, of Brockville, Ontario.*

Crime at Cambridge.

A visitor to Cambridge must be dull of heart who does not get some emotional reaction from his first view of the Backs; the least easily-moved must see for a moment some vista of the centuries and feel, however faintly, the lure of the academic way. Those who wish to preserve such illusions untarnished should hesitate to read "The Cambridge Murders," for the high table at Fisher College was disturbed by eddies and cross-currents of passion most unsuited to the ideal of high thinking, while the board itself denied the principle of plain living.

A University College presents a murderer with special opportunities, since so many people pass freely about it; but it also presents certain problems. The murderer's ingenuity was so far-sighted that he surmounted all save the single one of having to deal with men of learning and intelligence. His plan was complete and chance-proof; it fooled the local police and baffled Scotland Yard. The weakest point is the motive, and yet it is not easy to be dogmatic about motives when individuals react so surprisingly. Those who read Mr. Dilwyn Rees' story can form their own judgment; those who do not will have missed a pleasure.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Pursuit of Love. By Nancy Mitford. (*Hamish Hamilton*; 8s. 6d.)
Nunwell Symphony. By C. Aspinall-Oglander. (*The Hogarth Press*; 15s.)
The Cambridge Murders. By Dilwyn Rees. (*Gollancz*; 8s. 6d.)

Pin-up Girl: No. 47. Maria Montez

Latin-American screen-star MARIA MONTEZ *was born in Dominica of a Spanish father and a mother of Dutch descent. She went to a convent school at Santa Cruz de Tenerife in the Canary Islands; and as a child and in teen-age she travelled a great deal, largely in Europe. Her beauty as a model was found to be enchanting by the late McClelland Barclay of New York, who called her the "perfect cosmopolitan type." Later, screen-borne, her starring films became the No. 1 morale requirement for G.I.s in combat zones in the Pacific. Maria is the perfect sarong wearer; her measurements come near to those of the Venus de Milo. Her new film is Universal's "Tangier," in which Preston Foster co-stars, and Sabu is in the cast.*

THE PRICE OF PROTECTION.*

By KENNETH G. MYER.

"WHAT happens now?" asked Diana Rainer.

Sipping a glass of Imperial Tokay which had miraculously survived two wars, John Meston considered the problem confronting him. He thought ruefully that perhaps he should never have set up as an amateur detective, but have adopted some other career in which the qualities that had made him a successful commando would have stood him in good stead. Previously, luck and dash and a genius for doing the unexpected had carried him through, but this time it seemed that it wasn't going to work out like that.

Only yesterday morning Lord Boddenham had 'phoned him to say that Teddy Snaith was being released from prison, and reminded him there was still a £5000 reward awaiting the recovery of the Boddenham rubies, of which Teddy Snaith was supposed to know more than a little, although the three-years penal servitude which he had just completed was for another affair altogether.

He had hardly dared to hope that Teddy Snaith would lead him straight to the rubies, but it had been as easy as that. Diana had helped, of course. After a bit of rough-and-tumble in which Snaith had had decidedly the worst of it, John had hi-jacked the jewels and got away with nothing worse than a flesh-wound in the arm. Nothing ever goes exactly right and according to plan, and on this occasion, unfortunately, two things had gone wrong: first, he still had the rubies, having been unable to unload them on their rightful owners—the Boddenhams were away, and he had failed to locate their solicitor, to whom, it had been arranged, he was to return the jewels in their absence. Second, and very much worse, Johnny had lost not only his automatic in the rough-and-tumble, but, believe it or not, the keys to his flat, with his name and address neatly tagged on the key-ring! Of course, Teddy Snaith might not know he still had the jewels, but, putting himself in Snaith's position, Johnny confessed ruefully, he would certainly come and find out.

He had taken what precautions he could: he sat facing the outer door, all set for a spot of unarmed combat; at Diana's suggestion, he had hidden the rubies in a bottle of pink disinfectant he had planted boldly on top of his bathroom cupboard. He didn't know what he would do without Diana. Wonderful girl!

She had appeared at his flat one night out of the blitz, a tall wraith in the darkness in her Wren's uniform. The Admiralty, it appeared, wanted him to attend an identification parade, and Diana had been sent to drive him down. After the parade, at which he had failed to recognise anybody, Diana was waiting to drive him back. Johnny never lacked female society; on his rare leaves he had all the feminine charm he wanted, but Diana seemed somehow different from all the rest, and on an impulse he suggested going to dance somewhere. It turned out that this was her last duty for the night, and without hesitation she agreed.

The Grindstone was packed, so after struggling round the floor once or twice they stopped for a cigarette and their second wind. It was then that Diana had asked him what he was going to do after the war.

"I think I'm going to start up as an amateur detective," Johnny had answered. "Strong-arm stuff mainly, you know. I'm not too bright."

"I wouldn't say that," said Diana, "rumour hath it otherwise. But who's going in with you? In spite of what the books say, you can't do it all by yourself—or can you?"

"I don't know. I hadn't really thought about it."

"Oh, I see," said Diana. "I just wondered who was going to keep watch while you searched the suspect's flat and all that."

Johnny had lit a cigarette thoughtfully and then observed casually: "What are you going to do—after the war, I mean?"

"I hadn't really made any plans," said Diana.

"You wouldn't care to join me, I suppose—do some driving, and—and keep watch while I searched the suspect's flat and all that?"

"I'd like to," Diana had said simply.

She ran the routine side of his little business—typed his letters and fixed things with the authorities when he wanted permits. She would drive a car for him when he might be needing to make a quick getaway, and would shadow anyone he wanted to keep tabs on. Quite a bit of his time was spent trying to keep her out of danger. She had a knack of landing herself in quite impossible situations. Talking things over with her was the best way of getting them straight in his own mind, and with it all she retained a sisterly attitude towards him which he had never seen relaxed. He supposed she thought that any other relationship between them would make things rather complicated. All the same, he rather wished for the complications—they would have made his life a bit more interesting.

He sighed.

"Wake up!" commanded Diana rudely.

"I wasn't asleep," said Johnny indignantly. "The Master Mind is at work."

"Well, the Master Mind had better think up something pretty quickly, or friend Snaith 'll be along asking for his rubies back."

"Yes," agreed the Master Mind unhappily.

"You could, of course, ask for police protection."

"I've told you, the Boddenhams won't have the police called in—that's a condition of my taking the job—no police interference."

"Well, you've got to get somebody to help you keep watch—you couldn't tackle Teddy Snaith alone, helpless and unarmed."

"That means sharing the reward: and I need the money."

"I have an idea," said Diana. "You should always look at these things from a woman's angle. And don't laugh."

Hastily she tore down from the wall a heavily-mounted photograph of Johnny's rich uncle, who had recently died, leaving him nothing. Turning it over, she wrote something on the back and then cautiously slid out of the flat into the darkness beyond.

In a few minutes she returned, smiling broadly.

"That ought to fix him," she said. "Now we'll wait. Meanwhile, come and help me get some coffee made."

"But," said Johnny weakly, "I ought to watch that door."

"No need—come on."

By the time Diana had made the coffee and they had drunk it companionably in the kitchenette, at least half an hour had elapsed. Johnny glanced at the time; now, he thought, they were getting near zero hour. He turned out the light and stole cautiously to the window and parted the curtains.

"What on earth have you done?" cried Johnny in amazement. "There's a huge crowd outside, and I just saw Teddy Snaith being chased to the outskirts by a stout woman with a shopping-bag and a camp-stool."

"Oh, I just stuck up a notice," said Diana airily.

"But what did you say?"

"Oh, I just put 'FLAT TO LET. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. QUEUE HERE TO VIEW AT 9 A.M.'," said Diana innocently.

"———" ejaculated Johnny.

The next morning Johnny and Diana were escorted to the Boddenhams' solicitor by the successful applicant—the stout woman—and one or two disappointed ones who hoped there might be a last-minute slip-up. There Johnny reluctantly surrendered the lease of his flat and emerged with a cheque for £5000 in exchange for the rubies, which had been unobtrusively handed over.

On the pavement he faced Diana. "This is a nice mess——" he began.

"You have to pay for protection, don't you?" said Diana sweetly. "And the fat woman was better than a policeman, wasn't she?"

"But what am I going to do now?"

"Oh, surely a detective can find a flat!" said Diana, and vanished into a hat-shop.

Teddy Snaith had watched the pair part from the obscurity of a doorway opposite. Turning, he spoke disgustedly to the man with him:

"If only that fat old so-and-so hadn't accused me of jumping the queue," he said, "and I'd got into the flat, I'd 've had those rubies all right."

"Come on, now. Let's go and have one." [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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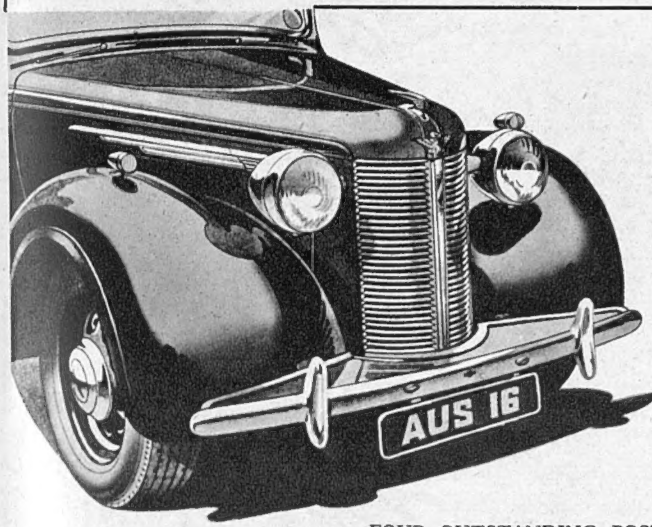

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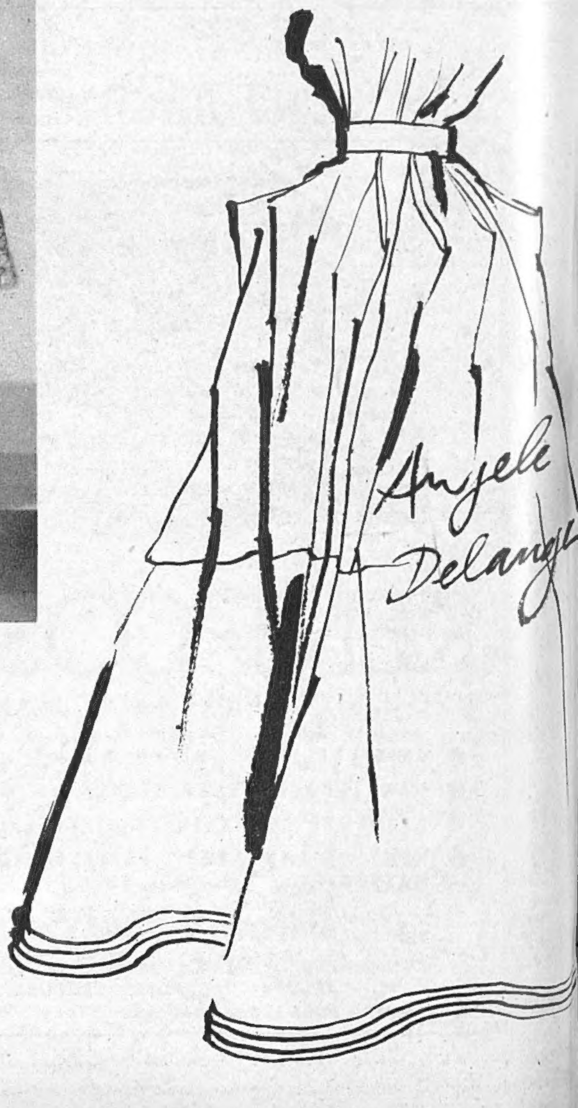

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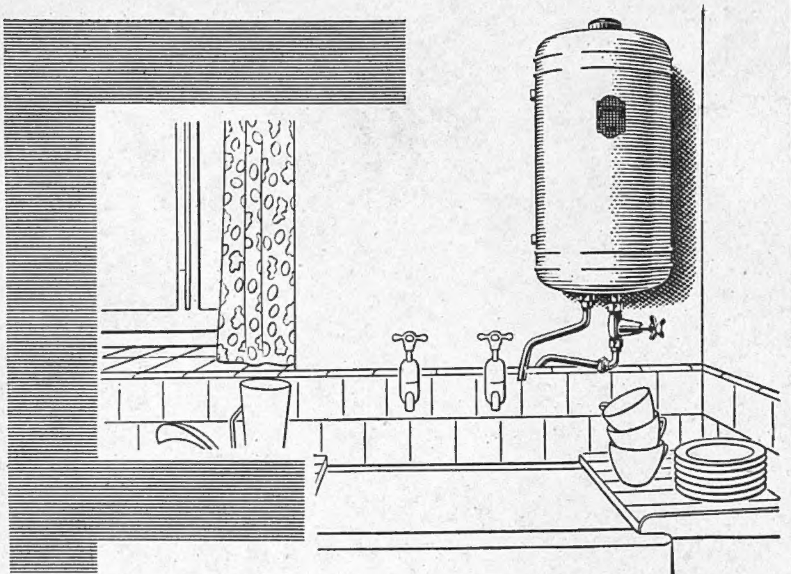

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